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ON ONTARIO CANADA

THE

MUFF,

A

COURT TALE.

(Price One Shilling.)

THE

MUFF,

OR,

One Good Turn deſerves Another;

A

COURT TALE.

Humbly Inſcribed to

Madame de *W——lm——n.*

By Mr. *W——.*

Sold by the Bookſellers and Pamphlet-Shops in *London* and *Weſtminſter.* 1740.

2.1.42.6012

THE

PREFACE.

IT may be thought unneceſſary, to prefix a Preface to the following ſhort Tale; but as that is the Place, where we generally expect to find ſome Account of the Deſign of an *Author*, which perhaps might not be altogether ſo intelligible without; ſo I have taken the liberty in this to treſpaſs a ſmall matter on the Reader's Patience, in order to ſatisfy his Curioſity in ſome Points relating to this *Tale*; which he may be deſirous of coming to the knowledge of. The firſt

Queſtion

201639

Queſtion he probably will aſk is, What could induce my *inſcribing* the following *Tale*, upon ſo mean a *Subject*, to ſo worthy a *Lady?* to which I *anſwer*, That as I had been a Witneſs to ſeveral of *Her* generous Actions, it naturally induced me to ſeek her *Protection* for the following Piece: well knowing, that many of my brother *Authors* have been more indebted to a good Name in their Title-Page, than to any Merit in their Works. And as I have lately obſerv'd many Pieces to be inſcribed to Perſons to whom their *Subjects* have no Relation, ſo I have indulged my ſelf in the ſame *Liberty* as others; which I hope my *Patroneſs* will have the Goodneſs to excuſe, upon conſidering that I am not ſo mercenary as to expect any *Gratuity* for a few ſmall Praiſes; but am always ready to beſtow them where I think they are juſtly due, as far as my ſmall *Ability* will reach.

THERE is another thing that may put my *Reader* to a little trouble; which is, to know whether this *Tale* be not a Fiction, as moſt other Tales are. I muſt confeſs that I was ſo little apprehenſive of this at firſt, that I had deſign'd

to

to have called it the *Hiſtory*, or *Adventures* of the *Muff*; but upon recollecting, its Shortneſs obliged me give it the Name of a *Tale*. And the Circumſtances of it were the common Topic of Diſcourſe in the *Iſland* where it happen'd: but I have not ſince my Arrival from thence had leiſure to examine, whether there be any mention of it in the Foreign *Gazettes*, *Alamains*, &c.

ADVERTISEMENT

TO THE

READER.

TO prevent the putting of any Miſconſtructions on the following Tale, the Publiſher deſires its Reader would remark this Line, viz.

—an *Iſland* which near *Britain* lay;

which muſt in his Opinion, determine the Scene to have been in Ir--l--d, *where there is a Court*

kept by the L—d Lieu——t, in the Caſtle of D--bl--n, *during his Reſidence there.*

And what farther ſtrengthens this Conjecture is, that Ireland *has had the Privilege of a Senate of its own for many Ages; the other Iſlands which lie near* Britain *being but very ſmall.*

THE

THE

MUFF,

A

COURT TALE.

LET others Muſe, in Numbers ſing,
The Actions of ſome *Chief* or *King*;
Bright *Cælia*'s Beauty, or *Love*'s Pow'r,
Fair *Richmond*'s Grot, or *Woodſtock*'s Bow'r.

Or if they chuſe in *Satyr*'s Rage,
Let them chaſtize the vicious Age.
But be it mine, in homelier Verſe,
A ſimple *Tale* for to rehearſe;
A *Muff* its Subject, *Venus* grant!
That lively Numbers I mayn't want,
To tell its Tale, and its Merits,
Diſplay the Beauties it inherits;
To praiſe the Virtues of that which
Admired is, by Poor and Rich.
It's this that makes thy Altars ſmoke,
And pining Lovers thee invoke;
It's this which aids thy Sex's Charms,
Demands our Love, our Boſoms warms.
By this ſmall *Attribute* of thine,
E'en moderate Beauties gayly ſhine;
Without it we could not eſteem,
Thee, though a *Goddeſs*, Beauty's *Queen*.

O * *V*-----*t*; whom we daily bleſs,
For giving ſome new Happineſs
To *Britons*; deign t'accept theſe Lays,
Though of a Muff they're writ in praiſe;
Like that I've ſeen you often wear,
In *Lutheran* Church, at Morning Prayer;
Where conſtant you attend its Hours,
Thy Sex' Example, and all----ours.
Though you ſhun all Panegyrick,
Permit one Caſe to ſhow your Merit,
When late a † Bigot Prieſt deny'd
A Rite to grant, when you apply'd.
Yet you far from retaining ill,
Soon after did through your Good-will,

Gain

* Alias *W—l—n*, a Lady noted for her Piety and conſtant Attendance of Divine Service.

† Alluding to a certain *Lutheran* Prieſt's denying the S——m—t to the L—y, which was ſince given her by a P——te.

Gain for * *another of the Cloth*,
A Benefice, which might be worth
About three hundred Pounds a Year,
When all Incumbrances were clear.
Thou who ſuch Goodneſs does diſplay,
Permit me at thy Feet to lay
This little Tale, it then ſhall ſhine,
Not from any Deſert of mine:
Methinks you ſmile, and I prevail,
And now begin to tell my Tale.

ON the Continent, near the Land,
Where *German* Emp'ror does command,
There dwelt a Man, of ſome ſmall Fame;
I think *Cornutus* was his Name;
He Maſter was of an Eſtate,
A Mean betwixt a ſmall and great:

Of

* Monſ. *B—f—t*, a Preacher *en Quartier des Grecs*, in *Soho*.

Of middle Age, whoſe Happineſs
Lay in a *Muff* he did poſſeſs:
So beauteous, it might well beſeem
To be the Pride of *King* or *Queen.*
'Twas this little *precious Toy*,
That chear'd his Heart and gave him Joy;
Sooth'd his Cares whene'er they aroſe,
And lull'd him into ſoft Repoſe.
It many Years had kept him warm,
Therein enwrapt, and free from Harm.
How wretched's *Man*, not in his Pow'r
To command Content a ſingle Hour:
Lo, Buſineſs calls, he muſt away,
T' an *Iſland* which near *Britain* lay:
His Muff he takes, departs from thence,
But little dreamt the Conſequence.
Now being arriv'd at's Journey's End,
Th' Affair on which he did attend,

Oblig'd

Oblig'd him daily to reſort,
And wait its Event at the *C---t.*
Cornutus here had not been long,
Before a *C-----r* 'mongſt the Throng,
A Man, who there was in great Grace,
And in his *Gift* had many a Place,
Eſpies the *Muff*; and it admir'd:
Became ſo with its Beauty fir'd,
That *Day* and *Night* he was in pain,
To find ſome means this Muff to gain.
At length, after much projecting
Schemes, and *Projects*, all perplexing,
He recollected in the Land,
Whence *Cornutus*; he did command
A large Eſtate, which might well vie
With any of thoſe that near it lie.
Cornutus, he deſigns ſhall be
Steward, this Land to overſee,

Receive

Receive the Rents, and for his Care,
A good Salary by the Year
He ſhould have; and Houſe to live in,
If theſe Favours could but move him;
For to let this C---t---r have,
The Muff, which he ſo earneſt crav'd.

IT was not long we may be ſure
When reſolv'd this was, before
The firſt Occaſion that he takes
To *Cornutus* the Proffer makes.
Addreſſes him in courtly Stile;
Who can't a Courtier's Tongue beguile?
But he though at a Court not bred,
Oft times before had heard it ſaid,
A Courtier will none's Caſe regard,
Unleſs he's ſure of a Reward:

His Eyes being ope, ſaw plain enough,
The Bait was laid, to catch his Muff.

HIS Darling, he was loth to loſe,
But then this Poſt he muſt refuſe;
Theſe Thoughts diſtracting, he does burn,
Nor knows he which way for to turn:

HE views his Muff,---and thinks---and then
The Place,---and now---the Muff again.
He with the one was loth to part,
To miſs the other, touch'd his Heart.
The *C---t---r* being a Man of Pow'r,
Oblig'd in this, he might do more;
But if refus'd, would likely ſtrive,
By *Treachery* for to deprive
Him of 't; when ſorely he'd repent,
He e'er deny'd him his Conſent.

THESE

THESE Reaſons ſtrong, and Int'reſt join'd,
(Who could withſtand when thus combin'd?)
O'ercame his Fondneſs; he does thank,
His *Benefactor* for the Grant,
And gave him for to underſtand,
Himſelf or his, he might command.

THE *C---t---r* ſmiles, at Heart was glad,
And tells him that a *Muff* he had,
On which long ſince he'd ſet his Heart,
Begs to a *Friend* he'd with it part.
Cornutus with forc'd Joy replies,
That or ought elſe in his pow'r lies:
Thus ha'ing exchang'd his *Muff* for *Place*,
He Shipping takes and *Home* does haſte.

THE *C---t---r* of his new-got Toy,
Grew fonder more he did't enjoy;
The longer kept, it ſtill the more
Did him delight, and he adore.

HERE I muſt let the Reader know,
That in this Iſle, there long ago,
Had been a rig'rous Decree made;
Whereby on Foreign *Muffs* was laid,
A hard, and heavy Penalty,
Unleſs by Law they were made free.

THE *C---t---r* was in Years advanc'd,
And ſaw if he ſhould drop by Chance,
Though now they wink'd at's *Fav'rite*'s Caſe,
Then in th' *Iſle* it would find no Place:

Nor

Nor could Protection gain from Wrong,
When that its *Patron* once was gone.
So fares it oft' with thoſe that wait,
And ſcreen themſelves beneath the Great,
From Courtier who attends a King,
To that ſmall four-legged Thing
We the Lion's Provider call,
A Beaſt he hunts his Prey withal;
Who though he's hated by the reſt,
Yet him none dare for to moleſt,
Leſt that his Maſter with dire Paws,
Should ſoon revenge his Fav'rite's Cauſe.
But when the Lion is deceas'd,
He's then the Scorn of ev'ry Beaſt,
Unpitied; they do him aſſail,
And rend his Limbs, with Tooth and Nail.

BUT to return,-----the *C---t---r* ſaw
The Conſequences of the Law;
'Twas theſe he ſtudied to prevent,
And on his *Muff* make Settlement.
To keep it up in after-time
As neat and tight, as in its Prime.
Theſe Thoughts would oftentimes *chagrine*
And cauſe in him, Fits of the *Spleen*.

'TWAS now ſome Years had overpaſs'd,
When came a piercing *Winter*'s Blaſt,
A *Winter* ſuch not known before,
For twenty Years, and ſomewhat more.
The ſubtil Air which long had been,
A laying up its Magazine;
Of nitrous Particles in Store;
Now ſeem'd at once them forth to pour.

Immediate

Immediate they ſeize Man and Beaſt,
Confine the Rivers, rend the Trees:
Now the needy trembling *Poor*,
In Shoals attend the rich Man's Door;
Praying him to compaſſionate
Their miſerable ſtarving State.
The *feather'd Fry*, not us'd to bear
Such piercing, ſharp, inclement Air,
Leave their Abodes in theſe ſad Times,
And haſte away to ſouthern Climes:
The People know not whence they fly,
Nor what new Names to call them by.

The *C---t---r* now hugs tight and cloſe,
His *Muff*, and with't guards Hands and Noſe;
Up or a-bed, in-doors or out,
His Fav'rite he was ne'er without.

About this Time he ſtraight does ſend,
For one to whom he'd been a Friend:
To him, then he communicates,
The Fears his darling *Muff* creates,
Deſires, that being a *S--n--t--r*,
A Bill he ſtraightway would prefer,
That ſo his *Muff* might be made free,
Exempt from any Penalty.
The *S---n---r* him tells he wou'd,
And haſtes to make his Promiſe good.
It's very rare that e'er we find,
A *Courtier*'s Promiſe for to bind;
They're *Goods* deſign'd as ſoon as made,
For Uſe to none but of the *Trade*.

SOON after he a *Bill* preſents,
And moves the *Houſe* for their Conſents,

That

That his Friend's *Muff*, thereby might be,
In th' *Iſle* naturaliz'd, and free.
The Motion made---and he being ſate,
Thereon aroſe a long *Debate*.
Th' Affair tho' trifling to ſome Eyes,
Yet was not thought ſo by the Wiſe;
After it had been handled long,
With many Speeches, *Pro* and *Con*,
A *S---n---r*, who with Applauſe,
Had often ſpoke in's *Country*'s Cauſe;
Ariſes, and makes his Addreſs,
I' the manner I ſhall now rehearſe.
" To this *Bill* I can't give aſſent,
" Tho' not for want of *Precedent*:
" I rev'rence th' Owner of the *Muff*,
" As in this Place I've oft giv'n Proof.
" But in this Caſe oppoſe him muſt,
" Or to my *Country* be unjuſt:

" A *Country*, that's ſo highly bleſt!
" As in fine Muffs t' excell the reſt.
" In all their known *Varieties*,
" Whether in *Colour*, or in *Size*.
" Then pray why muſt we introduce
" This *Foreign One*? why can't he chuſe
" A *Muff* at home to pleaſe his Fancy?
" We've as good as thoſe beyond Sea.
" Beſides, is this Thing proper time'd?
" All *Europe* ſeems to War inclin'd,
" And we're debating, ſure enough,
" The Enfranchiſement---of a *Muff*!
" Wherefore ſincerely I adviſe,
" To let the *Bill* reſt where it lies.

TO whom replied the *Courtier*'s Friend,
" 'Tis with *Submiſſion* I intend

" For

" For to inform you what is due,
" In favour of this *Muff* from you.
" We all are ſenſible, my *Friend*,
" His *Country*'s Good does ſure intend;
" Has often lent his helping Hand,
" When ſhe in need thereof did ſtand.
" It's known to all, that he's in Years,
" Which more they grow, the more our Fears!
" To loſe the Aid, we've had ſo long,
" By whoſe great *Wiſdom* we're ſo ſtrong.
" The late ſharp *Winter* gave us pain,
" And ſure! our *Fears* they were not *vain:*
" Had not this *Muff* him warm'd, and cheriſh'd,
" Amongſt many he'd have periſh'd.
" But when therein that he's *enſhrin'd*,
" He dares the *Cold*, and braves the *Wind*.
" Wherefore, I think it plain does ſhow,
" That we ſome kind Returns do owe.

" And the *minuteſt* Favour we,
" Can grant this *Muff*, 's to make it free.
" Although this *Iſle* be fam'd for *Muffs*
" Yet I think we've hardly enough,
" To guard againſt ſuch bleak *Weather*
" Should we natur'lize a Score together.
" Surely we may give Place to one,
" Which ſo much Good to us has done.
" Why this Time is not as proper,
" To do good, when it does offer,
" As another? I muſt confeſs
" I am not able for to gueſs.
" Though we're oblig'd this *War* to join,
" Yet may we not from hence divine,
" The *Genius* of our *Iſle*, well pleas'd
" With our good Actions, and juſt Deeds;
" Doubtleſs, will our Cauſe befriend,
" And Succeſs our Arms attend.

HE

HE ſat----it was agreed at laſt,
The *Bill* into a Law ſhould paſs;
And ſhort time after it obtain'd,
The Regal Sign, which having gain'd,
Its *Patron* with't appears each Day,
At Court, at Ball, Op'ra and Play.

HIS *Muff* which was admir'd before,
It now was cried up ten times more.
His Flatterers, (for Courtiers too
Have them as well as Kings we know,)
Shew'd him therein ſuch Beauties lay,
Which tho' eſpied not till that Day;
Yet in his Eyes ſo bright they ſhone,
He now ſaw thouſands where but one,

Could he find out, not long before;
Such is th' Effect of Flattery's Pow'r.

AND now he's buſied with intent,
Some new Name for to invent;
Diſtinguiſh'd that his *Muff* may be,
From others of a low'r Degree.
Which when accompliſh'd, ſurely next,
The Gods he'll with Intreaties vex;
To change its *Form*, and give it Life,
That it may ſerve him for a Wife.
Since oftentimes it has been known,
And *Ovid* long ago has ſhewn,
They as ſurprizing Deeds have done.
Which granted he would be at reſt,
And think himſelf compleatly bleſt.

MY Tale thus told, and Readers want,
To know what hence, there may be learnt,
Why---than this I know no other,
One Good Turn deſerves Another.

F I N I S.